

Smeared

by Scotty Escobar

“I don’t know how to say it,” I half-murmur and half-stutter inside my 2004 Toyota Corolla that isn’t actually mine, just another thing I borrowed from others. “It’s just—this is going to sound horrible. I just get attached to people, you know?”

From our windshield, my boyfriend and I stare out as I drive. Our midnight town lit up by quiet traffic lights. Green, yellow, red. Everything smudging into something else. Words with the rumbling of an engine. Colors with the steam from our breathing. And he says something, and I wish I understood, so badly.

And somewhere during this drive, there’s a small dog, or maybe a cat, torn apart on the road. Smeared onto the gray pavement by someone else’s tires. And all I can think about is the harm we do to others. And I see it. And he doesn’t.

March 26, 2021

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Scotty is a writer and artist based in Santa Ana, California. Having published and exhibited over the years, Scotty's work is most known for its brief yet heavy nature. Themes pertaining to grief and the body are regularly explored and examined throughout these projects.